

Literary News and Criticism.

Pictures, Prose and Poetry in the Christmas Magazines.

The holiday book, as we have more than once pointed out, is nowadays not necessarily put forth in a holiday dress, but the December magazines, as always, wear a thoroughly festive air. This declares itself inside and out, in the numerous Christmas stories and poems, in the illustrations and in the cover. The Christmas covers this year are mostly simpler than they were last season, and, on the whole, we hope that the more conservative policy may be continued. Certainly we do not see how elaboration could improve upon such a cover as "The Century" has this month. It is a rather formal affair, with a Della Robbia plaque for its main feature, and, except for the typography, the scheme is one of blue, white and gold—which is to say that it is in the most refined taste. There is only one set of pictures in color inside, to go with Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn," but several of the illustrations are printed in tint. Besides the usual quota of short stories, the instalment of Mrs. Ward's novel and the opening chapters of Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill's history of "Lincoln, the Lawyer," there is a delightful "Intimate Study of the Pelican" by Frank M. Chapman, illustrated with some amazing photographs; and M. Gronkowski continues his survey of the great palaces of Paris with an interesting paper on the Hotel de Crillon. This is the palace on the Place de la Concorde, whose owners count among their ancestors the Crillon who was the friend of Henri Quatre, and to whom the King uttered, after one of his battles, the famous words: "Go hang yourself, brave Crillon; we have conquered and you were not with us!"

"Scribner's," too, appears in modest garb, its usual cover having for special adornment nothing more than a pictorial medallion, designed chiefly in russet tones, with a greenish blue background, by Blenden Campbell. Fiction is largely to the fore in this number. The chief prose compositions outside that field are a good paper on Holbein by Kenyon Cox, with illustrations from the master's portraits and other paintings, and a suggestive literary study by Brander Matthews. Mrs. Burnett has the place of honor with a capital story, "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," which is to be concluded in January. From "The Swarming of the White Bees," a poem by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, printed with decorations by Mr. Leyendecker, we take these lines:

Who can tell the hiding of the white bees' nest?
Who can trace the guiding of their swift home flight?
For would he see his riding on a lifetime quest;
Long before it ended would his beard grow white.
Nay in the coming of the rose red spring;
Never in the passing of the wine red fall;
Shall you hear the humming of the white bees' wing
Murmur o'er the meadow, ere the night bells call.
Wait until the fairness of the last flower dies;
Wait until the winter and the first cold storm;
Then, beneath the bareness of the wide gray skies,
See the merry millions of the white bees swarm!

Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "Scribner" story, "The Spy," is one of the cleverest things he has written in a long time. It is good as a portrait of a type, and it has a decidedly well invented climax.

There is no exceptional decoration on the outside of the Christmas "Harper"—the title of the magazine is simply printed in red and gold on a white panel, set in a background of solid red—but there is some ambitious color work in two groups of illustrations. The first of these consists of four brilliant drawings by Mr. Howard Pyle, made to go with an almost equally vivid paper of his own, "The Fate of a Treasure Town," in the good old pirate days. His frontispiece, a gorgeous full length of a buccannier, a creature in a red cloak, well bears out the title. The Buccaneer was a Picturesque Fellow," and the other drawings are as effective. There is some particularly good color in "An Attack on a Gallion." Very charming, too, are the colored pictures drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green for "The Dreamer," a group of verses by Josephine Preston Penbody. Mark Twain follows his "Adam's Diary" with some extracts from "Eve's Diary." Here is a specimen of its humor:

Stars are good, too. I wish I could get some to put in my hair. But I suppose I never can. You would be surprised to find how far off they are, for I don't look it. When they first shot me, I thought I tried to knock some down with a pole, but it didn't reach, which astonished me; then I tried to take them till I was tired out, but I never got one. It was because I am left-handed and cannot throw good. Even when I aimed at the one I wasn't after I couldn't hit the other one, though I did make some close shots, for I saw the black blot of the cloud sail right into the midst of the golden clusters forty or fifty times, just barely missing them, and if I could have held out a little longer maybe I could have got one.

So I cried a little, which was natural, I suppose, for one of my age, and after I was rested I got a basket and started for the place on the extreme rim of the circle, where the stars were close to the ground and I could get them with my hands, which were better, anyway, because I couldn't drag my feet another step; and besides, they were so close and hurt me very much.

The light Christmas fare in this number is varied with sufficiently serious material—an essay by ex-President Cleveland on "The Integrity of American Character," one by Professor Lombardy on "The Linguistic Authority of Great Writers," and some further pages in Mr. H. W. Nevins's grim account of "The Slave Trade of To-day."

"The Atlantic," faithful to its ancient tradition, dispenses with pictures and uses the cover that it uses throughout the year; but it recognizes the mood of the moment, opening with a characteristic contribution by Mr. Edward S. Martin, whose light touch makes of his "Riotous Christmas Essay," an altogether cheering thing. There are one or two good anecdotes in the sketch of Sir Henry Irving by Mr. Talbot Williams. He asked that actor where he hit upon the beautiful light which he used in the Broken scene of "Faust." "Once," Irving replied, taking up a little plate, "I saw in a gallery a landscape by Durer of this size, a mountain landscape in early morning in this same gray-blue light. It gave me the light I wanted for the Broken scene." "The Atlantic" prints some excellent short stories this month, notably "A Daughter of the Rich," by William John Hopkins, and "Flowers of Paradise," by Alice Brown.

Mr. Lawson holds sway, as is his habit, in "Everybody's Magazine," but the Christmas-

tertainers, nevertheless, are given their chance; Mr. Booth Tarkington with a clever tale of Cromwell's day, Mr. Hugh Pendexter with some pure drollery, "An Arctic Circle Touchdown," and Mr. O. Henry with a similar bit of fooling, "A Doubledyed Deceiver." For the absence of color in the usual sense the publishers atone by printing some spirited theatrical portraits by Everett Shinn in tint, and by stamping a gorgeous bow of red ribbon on the cover. The "American Illustrated Magazine" is in the same case. Inside it has some attractive tinted pictures. Outside it follows the style of an old illuminated manuscript. There is much short fiction in this number, but there is graver matter, too, including an instructive article by W. S. Harwood on what has been done at the State and national agricultural stations in America. "Lippincott's," like "The Atlantic," echoes illustrations, and its cover differs only from the last one in being printed on a red ground. The complete novel this month is an amusing story "of love and the young man in business," by Grace MacGowan Cooke and Vond Reed. There is good fun in Mr. Barbour's automobile story, "Victory With Honor."

The exhilaration that comes with sport and adventure is appropriately the tribute paid to holiday sentiment by "Outing" for Christmas. There is plenty of color work in this number, beginning with the spirited illustrations for Mr. Mulford's rattling tale of "The Fight at Buckskin," which fills the opening pages. Mr. Ralph D. Paine writes well of a good Christmas subject, "An Old Fashioned Country Dance," and there is humor in Mr. Francis Metcalfe's circus yarn, "Kaleidoscope of an Elephant." "Outing" may be put together chiefly for lovers of the open air, but in this number there is something for every reader.

Of course the Christmas number of "The Pall Mall Magazine" has its tale of a highwayman and its tale of attempted murder—an English magazine would be incomplete without its touch of the horrible—but we welcome it more particularly for this poem by Mr. E. V. Lucas based on the French of M. Haraucourt:

CHARITY.
Because so bitter was the rain,
Saint Martin slashed his cloak in twain,
And gave the beggar half of it,
To shelter him and ease his pain.
But, being not himself in clay,
The Saint's own case no less was sad,
So piteously cold the night;
Though glad at heart he was, right glad.
Thus, singing on his way he passed,
What use to him and what good was,
Vowing the Saint should rue his gift,
Released the cruel northern blast.
Away it sprang with shriek and roar,
And behind the Saint full sore;
Yet ne'er repented he a whit,
And Satan bade the deluge pour.
Huge hailstones fell in fierce attack,
And beat Saint Martin many a blow,
"My poor old head!" he smiling said,
Yet never wished his mantle back.
"He must," he said, "be cold," said Satan, "know
Regret for such an act!" And lo!
Even as he spoke the world was dark
With fog and frost and whirling snow.
Saint Martin, struggling towards his goal,
Mused thoughtfully on his soul's goal,
What use to him was half a cloak?
I should have given him the whole.
The cold grew terrible to bear,
The birds fell frozen in the air,
"Oh, then," said Satan, "on the ice,
Fall thou asleep, and perish there."
He fell, and slept, despite the storm,
And dreamed he saw the Christ Child's form
And, seeing Him, was warm—so warm.

JOHN LA FARGE.

His Decorations for the New Capitol at St. Paul.

Mr. John La Farge has carried practically to completion the scheme of mural decoration which he undertook for the room in which the sessions of the Supreme Court of Minnesota are held in the new Capitol at St. Paul. Two of the four large semi-circular canvases have already been placed in position. The two which round out the work have recently been shown to invited guests in the spacious Vanderbilt Gallery at the Fine Arts Building, where, under more favorable conditions than those of his own studio, the artist has been laying on his finishing touches. A wider, more public exhibition would have been welcomed, for in this series of compositions Mr. La Farge has made a more than ordinarily valuable contribution to American art.

He has done this by virtue of a mastery fusion of elements which is not given to every artist to reconcile one with the other. He is a thinker as well as a painter, and without ever having attempted to imitate the old masters, he has done much to continue their tradition, a tradition based at once on strength of hand and on imaginative power. The problem set before him in this instance had its root, of course, in the principle of justice, and doubtless almost any decorator might have solved it plausibly enough, by bringing in the usual figure typifying the genius of the law, blindfolded and holding the scales, and by drawing upon the history books for the usual illustrative episodes. But Mr. La Farge has never cared to give us "glimpses of the obvious," and though there is nothing esoteric or obscure about his designs for St. Paul, they are plainly use outcome of a lofty conception of the subject in hand. If they are not crowded with philosophical symbols they at least bear the stamp of an artist with a philosophic mind. We have amply described, upon previous occasions, the panels which are now in place. The first of these, emblematic of the moral and divine law, represents Moses on Mount Sinai, receiving the law. For massive, heroic character it is the greatest thing of its kind in this country. In the second decoration, painted to illustrate the relation of the individual to the state, the artist struck a more intimate note, showing Socrates met with some of his friends in the open air for profound discussion. In the third of his designs Mr. La Farge deals with the recording of precedents, his hero being Confucius, who sits in the garden with his disciples, engaged in the collation and transcription of documents; and in the fourth he relates to the adjustment of conflicting interests, embodying the central motive in the person of Count Raymond of Toulouse, whom he represents as swearing at the altar to observe the liberties of the city, in the presence of the bishops, the representatives of the religious orders and the magistrates. Obviously, his idea of law has here been crystallized in four compositions of peculiar dignity. Their dignity of meaning is matched by dignity of artistic form. The artist has sought to make theme and background interdependent in the production of his effect, aiming at a dramatic and spiritual as well as decorative unity. Thus, in the "Moses" the hieratic figure dominating the design was placed amid scenery of almost supernatural grandeur. On the other hand, the group in the "Socrates" was framed in a landscape of extreme charm, strengthened yet made only the more gracious by the introduction of a classical archi-

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tectural motive. Now, in the "Confucius" the great man and his disciples are seated upon a rug stretched beside a quiet pool, and this is fed by a little waterfall which tumbles down beneath the shadow of drooping foliage. The envelope, if we may so call it, given to each type is one of impressive felicity. How otherwise than amid the sombre splendors of a primitive world could Moses, receiving the tables of the law, have been portrayed? How, save in just such a scene as Mr. La Farge has chosen, could a typical moment in the life of Socrates have been adequately commemorated? Could Confucius have been made a veritable familiar figure better than in the environment in which he is placed in Mr. La Farge's canvas? The best qualities in a work of art always escape definition, but something of what has been achieved in these noble decorations may be inferred from the statement that the heretic persecutions in them lose nothing of their stature, nothing of their legendary mystery, and yet seem brought by some humanizing magic nearer than ever before to the comprehension of the beholder. This precious actuality depends in the "Confucius"—so far as we can divine the artist's secret—upon the artless manner in which the group is put together. The teacher on his tawny rug leans over the scroll unrolled upon his knees in an attitude of unconscious absorption. Near at hand a servant kneels at a little table, bearing a collection of manuscripts, possibly sent by some great lord, as Mr. La Farge observes in a brief leaflet, for explanation or annotation. The curious musical instrument used by Confucius lies on the rug, ready to his hand. Two disciples unroll a manuscript for his consideration, patiently waiting for him to lift his eyes, and on the right hand another pupil, holding a manuscript, balances the kneeling servant on the left. A sense of balance is, in fact, everywhere disclosed. The five figures might have gathered in this quiet spot, just as they are gathered here, without thought of forming a picture; yet the picture is formed, each figure holds its appointed place as by the law of design. Nothing that Mr. La Farge has done has been richer in color. All the splendid greens which we have come to know so well in his studies of Oriental landscape are poured into the beautiful background, and in the costume of Confucius and his disciples we have as glorious blues, reds and yellows, all of them worked into a weighty chord. One of the figures, that of the kneeling servant, is wrapped in a garment of turquoise blue, deepening here and there to a sapphire richness, which carries upon the canvas.

The "Raymond of Toulouse" suffers somewhat by contrast with the painting at which we have just glanced. To begin with, the scene is laid in the interior of a church, which means the substitution of cold architectural forms for the landscape charm which the artist has developed with so much poetry in all of the other paintings. Furthermore, the six erect figures—disposed in what is not meant to be but certainly looks like a procedural and somewhat unimportant effect of monotonous vertical lines into the work, beside the breadth exemplified elsewhere, seems positively this. As a composition this, wants the majesty of the "Moses," as it wants the charm of the "Socrates" or the "Confucius." It does not carry conviction as those do, and, moreover, the immobility of the design as a whole is not sufficiently counteracted by details of gesture, the design and the monks, the power of gesture, with hands prayerfully joined; the princely figure in the center, and the two magistrates who bring up the rear, do not, taken singly or taken together, convey quite the living impression which one would like to resolve. Neither is the color as superb throughout as it is in the robes of the magistrates. Yet, so great is the power of gesture, that while we are not moved by this canvas as by the other three, we at least meet it halfway, and submit to the influence of that noble style which makes the artist, even in his less inspired moments, a compelling force. Looking at his work for St. Paul as a whole we find that it has only one drawback—that it goes so far away from New-York.

The town is fuller than ever of small exhibitions. At the Keppel Gallery there is an interesting show of etchings and drawings by Whistler, with a few lithographs and drawings. There may also be seen here a most unusual souvenir of the artist's early days in Paris, a copy, painted in 1857, of a nude by Ingres. He once denounced that master to the present writer at great length and with abounding vehemence, but that was many years after his student period. At the Klackner Gallery there are some Venetian etchings by Mr. J. C. Vaughan Trowbridge, printed in color. All of them are picturesque, and some of them, like the "Venetian Fishing Boats Reclaimed," are marked by uncommon delicacy. Mr. J. Frank Currier, of Boston, has some four score landscapes at the New Gallery. He is not very searching in his definition of forms, and he adheres to a certain pensive key which makes one sigh, after a while, for a gleam of sunshine. On the other hand, there is a good deal of tender feeling in these little studies, and of the Christmas season it would be hard to find a prettier gift than one of them would make.

The Knoedler Gallery shows some portraits by Mr. I. Koppay, and at the Tooth Gallery there are some miniatures by Mr. E. B. Kiefer, of Vienna. Till next Saturday, when they are to be sold at auction, there may be seen at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, a hundred drawings and water colors which have been published in "Judge," works by such clever pictorial humorists as James Montgomery Flagg, "Zim," Albert Levering, Charles J. Taylor and T. S. Sullivan. The American Art Galleries are filled with the household furniture of the late Mrs. E. M. Curtis, which will be sold at auction on the afternoons of next Monday and Tuesday, December 4 and 5.

PARK OFFERED AS GIFT TO CITY.

Highland Society of Jamaica Offers Strip of Land Overlooking Town.

A fine woodland park will soon be given to the city by the Highland Park Society of Jamaica, if the city will accept it. It comprises about five acres, overlooking the town of Jamaica, and is situated on the northerly side of Highland-ave., between Park-ave. and Bergen-ave. It lies about 1,500 feet east of the Normal School, and is 225 feet wide and 80 feet deep.

Nelson P. Lewis, chief engineer of the Board of Estimate, said yesterday that he was in favor of the city accepting the park, provided, of course, the society could give the city title to it. The society passed a resolution authorizing its president and treasurer to transfer to the city this plot of ground on condition that it be kept always as a public park. The local board of the Brooklyn Distilling Company, amounting to about \$15,000. According to the complaint, the local United States steamboat inspectors may pass a rule, it being in their power to do so, prohibiting whistling indiscriminately as being an interference with the signals that are necessary to the safety of traffic.

LEGAL FIGHT BETWEEN TRUSTS.

Whiskey Men Sue Alleged Sugar Subsidiary Concern for \$141,946.08.

It was brought on in court yesterday that the Sugar Trust has been attempting to rival the Whiskey Trust ever since 1893. The Whiskey Trust says that the Sugar Trust has imposed upon it to the extent of \$141,946.08.

Justice Greenbaum of the Supreme Court is asked to decide which of these trusts is right, and whether the Sugar Trust of the Brooklyn Distilling Company, amounting to about \$15,000. According to the complaint, the local United States steamboat inspectors may pass a rule, it being in their power to do so, prohibiting whistling indiscriminately as being an interference with the signals that are necessary to the safety of traffic.

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RAP TOMBS CHAPLAIN.

Resignation Reveals Many Charges
—Attack on Bishop Potter.

Following the announcement that the Rev. J. J. Munro, the Presbyterian minister, who has for some years represented the Gospel Mission at the Tombs, had resigned his post as chaplain at that prison, it developed yesterday that an effort would be made to-day to sever his connection with the Prison Gate Association, in which he had been a leading spirit. Jacob A. Rills, who resigned as trustee of the association over a week ago because of dissatisfaction with Mr. Munro, will appear before the other trustees and ask that the clergyman be requested to resign. Mr. Rills's own resignation has not yet been accepted, and, with the other matter, will be considered at a meeting to be held at 9:30 this morning at the office of the Rev. Dr. John B. Devins, chairman of the trustees of the Prison Gate Association, in the Presbyterian Building.

Although the officers of the Gospel Mission to the Tombs were unwilling to discuss the resignation of Mr. Munro yesterday, it was learned from reliable sources that the alleged slurring reference to Bishop Potter, in connection with the confirmation of a prisoner in the Tombs, was not the real cause of the demonstration against the chaplain, but merely one of a number of minor incidents.

There was a meeting of the chief backers of the mission at one of the parish houses at which the Rev. Mr. Munro was present. He defended his position vigorously, and produced a letter signed by an official of the Tombs telling of the wonderful religious work he was doing among the prisoners. The charge was made that the minister had written the letter himself and secured the signature by making certain promises.

After further investigation, it is said, Mr. Munro's resignation as chaplain was requested. It was handed in, reading to take effect April 1 next. The members of the official board consider that the resignation closes the matter and will not discuss it beyond a statement that no charges were proved against Mr. Munro.

When seen at his home in The Bronx, Mr. Munro declared that he had handed in his resignation of his own free will, and that it had in no way been forced. He said that he resigned because of the growing importance of the Prison Gate Association, which he was instrumental in organizing. He declared that the charges had been trumped up because of his reference to an Episcopalian bishop in a pamphlet published for ex-prisoners.

The reference to Bishop Potter was made in "Prison Gate Series No. 6" and read as follows: "I can recall the case of a bishop going to a prison in regal splendor and flowing robes to perform a useless and foolish ceremony of confirmation. After it was over the formalists allowed the young man to rot in prison. They tried neither to help his body or soul nor find out if he was suffering wrongly or not."

An Episcopalian clergyman declared yesterday that the visit referred to was made by Bishop Potter some three years ago to one Fred Wagner, who was sentenced to nineteen years in Sing Sing for the crime of arson, committed in this city. He showed extreme penitence while in the Tombs and asked to be confirmed.

From the time he came to the Tombs the Rev. Mr. Munro has had trouble with other spiritual workers at the prison and with prison officials. The late Mrs. John A. Foster, known to New-Yorkers as the "Tombs Angel," in an interview given December 15, 1901, charged him with responsibility for the suspension of Warden Hagan on charges which she declared were false.

FIGHT ON HARBOR NOISE.

Riverside Residents Complain of Tugs' Midnight Tooting.

The residents of Riverside Drive have combined in a crusade to stop the excessive noise making by tugs and steamers in the harbor. Mrs. Isaac L. Rice yesterday went to the Custom House and entered a formal complaint with the Collector of the Port, N. N. Stranahan. The United States authorities, it is expected, will co-operate with the municipal and county authorities to bring the nuisance to a stop.

The abatement of the ear splitting noise in the night along the Hudson River front is not all that is asked. It is said that the same thing goes on on the East River, to the injury of the patients in New-York's municipal hospitals on the islands and to Bellevue.

The greatest noise is made by the tugs. It is necessary that these tugs should whistle in making the signals while passing and meeting each other, as required by law, but what is complained of is the practice by tug skippers of standing off shore and tooting incessantly, especially at night, in order to awaken or attract the attention of the men on the barges moored to the piers.

Mrs. Rice told the Collector that the residents of Riverside Drive are unable to get a full night's sleep at any time because of this practice.

It was said at the Custom House that it did not appear that the federal authorities could take action for this particular offence. The District Attorney's office was consulted with, and it is believed that action against the tug owners may be taken on account of the nuisance. New-York has jurisdiction on the Hudson River as far as the Jersey shores, and it was said that the Police Department could act.

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WORK ON CATHEDRAL ADVANCING.

HOLDS WOMAN'S LAST WILL INVALID.

Trustees of St. John the Divine Meet with Bishop Coadjutor Greer.

Surrogate Admits Earlier One After Investigation of Her Death.

The regular monthly meeting of the trustees of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine was held yesterday afternoon at the home of Bishop Coadjutor David H. Greer, at No. 7 Gramercy Park. Dr. Greer presided in the absence of Bishop Potter. The building committee announced that it had contracted for the completion of the choir, having adopted the method of giving out individual contracts to various firms instead of giving the whole of the work to one person or firm.

George Macculloch Miller, the secretary, announced after the meeting that Mrs. Anna Louisa Gill had made a gift to the trustees of a handsome gold and jeweled chalice in memory of her friend, Agnes McCandlish Gibson.

The work on the cathedral is advancing rapidly. During the summer months six large tiers have been erected, and the committee is pleased with the progress made.

Surrogate Fitzgerald yesterday, after hearing the testimony of the subscribing witnesses and of the physicians who attended Mrs. Sarah Ann Waters, who died in December, 1902, refused to admit to probate a will executed by her a short time before her death, and admitted a will executed in April of the same year.

Mrs. Waters, who was an octogenarian, died under such circumstances as caused an investigation by the District Attorney. The chief beneficiary under her last will was Dr. James A. Campbell, who was also appointed her executor, while under her former will William G. Conklin was appointed executor and made one of her principal legatees. Among her other beneficiaries under this will was her adopted daughter, Una May Mullins, and the wife of the testatrix. The estate is said to be worth more than \$100,000.

Surrogate Fitzgerald held that the will executed immediately before the death of Mrs. Waters was not properly drawn, and that she was not of fit or disposing mind at the time she made it.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

THE CENTURY

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By Frederick Trevor Hill, member of the New York Bar, author of "The Accomplish," etc. Throwing light on a little known part of Lincoln's career. Illustrated with reproductions of many interesting documents, portraits, etc.

The Empress Dowager of China
By Katharine A. Carl. Illustrated by the author

IN EARLY NUMBERS

A Humorous Serial Story by the Author of "Susan Clegg" John Hay on Benjamin Franklin.
A Novelette by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, "A Diplomatic Adventure" Important Articles for Farmers
William J. Bryan on "Individualism vs. Socialism" Israel Zangwill's Story, "A Yiddish Hamlet"
The Railway Rate Question, discussed by President Spencer of the Southern Railway and by a Representative of the Government
Howard Chandler Christy's Pictures of the American Girl

NOVEMBER NUMBER
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